boy came running to me. "A crowd of the unemployed are asking for Sergei Petrov," he said, "but they mean you."

Some fifty or sixty men from the harbor were in the entrance hall. The leader of the group, one of the worst troublemakers in the harbor, grimly handed me a sheet of paper. I read: "Order. Comrade Petrov is ordered to resume his duties as president of the Council of the Unemployed at once. The undersigned are ordered to take him back to the harbor. By force if necessary."

The "order" was signed by hundreds of men. I gave the paper back to the head of the deputation. "You are plain crazy," I told him. "How can you force me to be your president?"

"We can," he replied. "We looked into the statute. It says nothing about the right of the president to resign. If the people wish you to stay, you'd better stay."

The men were deadly serious. They all spoke at once. "The people are mad. . . . You cannot treat them this way. . . . You must explain. . . ."

I noticed two youths of the "Revenger" group and asked them, "What are you doing here? Are you armed?"

"Sure enough! We must take you back to the harbor."

More amused than angry, I agreed to go to the harbor and talk with the people. In front of the University I took a droshky and asked the head of the deputation to share it with me. The "Revengers" squeezed themselves into the front seat.

The crowd in the courtyard before the office greeted me with cheers. I again mounted the stand. "If you wish," I said, "I shall conduct this meeting, but I would like to know what its purpose is."

The head of the deputation replied, "People are mixed up! You asked whether we have confidence in you. Surely we have none. We trust nobody. You did not ask whether we wished you to resign. You decided for yourself, like a Tsar. People cannot take this from you."

"I see," I replied. "Now you have sent a commando with the order to use force against me. And you expect me to continue as president of this organization?"

"You must," shouted the crowd.

This sounded like a vote of confidence.

"Do you wish to say that I was not a bad president after all?" I asked.

A "Revenger" shouted, "You must have been a good one. The people won't let you go."

I began to think of parliamentary ways of solving the crisis. Per-